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Double

In ranks we gallop, gallop,
Thundering on
Through the night
With the wind.

But in the pale day I sit, quiet.

TOWN-MOUSE

These things for today:
The threat of rain,
And great hasting clouds;
Wet soil's scent;
Fine cobwebs on the heather;
Keen air!
Even a park of green lawns,
Bare boughs and brown sparrows!
Oh, for no roof overhead
And full lungs!

These things for today.

ENOUGH HAS BEEN SAID OF SUNSET

I

Light—imperceptible as
One thin veil drawn across blackness:
Is it dawn? . . .

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Comes the twitter-whistle of sleepy birds
Crescendo . . .
Now bright grayness creeping
Drowns the dark; and waves of sea-wind
Rock the thin leaves . . .
A door bangs; sharp barks from dogs released, scampering.
After some silence, footsteps.
And the rising bustle of people
Roused by the day-break.

II

Mysterious; threatening:
Dawn over housetops silhouetted
Like crenelated battlements
Against light of a stage scene.

IMPRESSION

At night
Neither joy, ambition, love nor want
In my heart.
But the leaves called
And the earth called,
And there was only waiting
Against the coming of rain,
And the whipping of hair
About my head.

Iris Barry